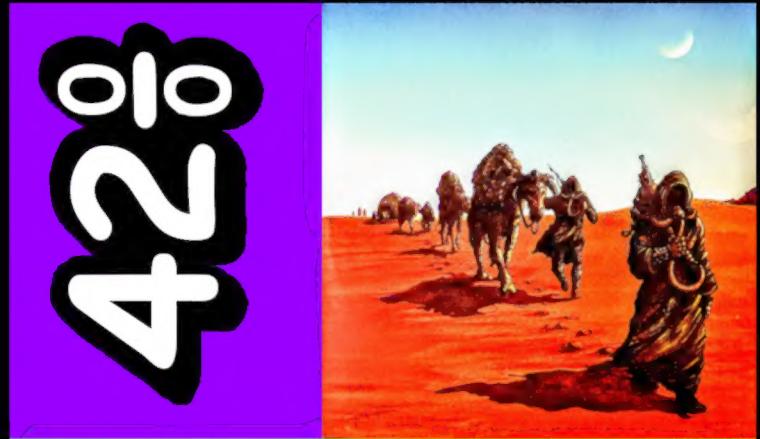


aveline green was born in 1994.

her interests include s&m and bible studies.
edited by natalie tautou

mommyswomb.itch.io



Indica sativa hybrid

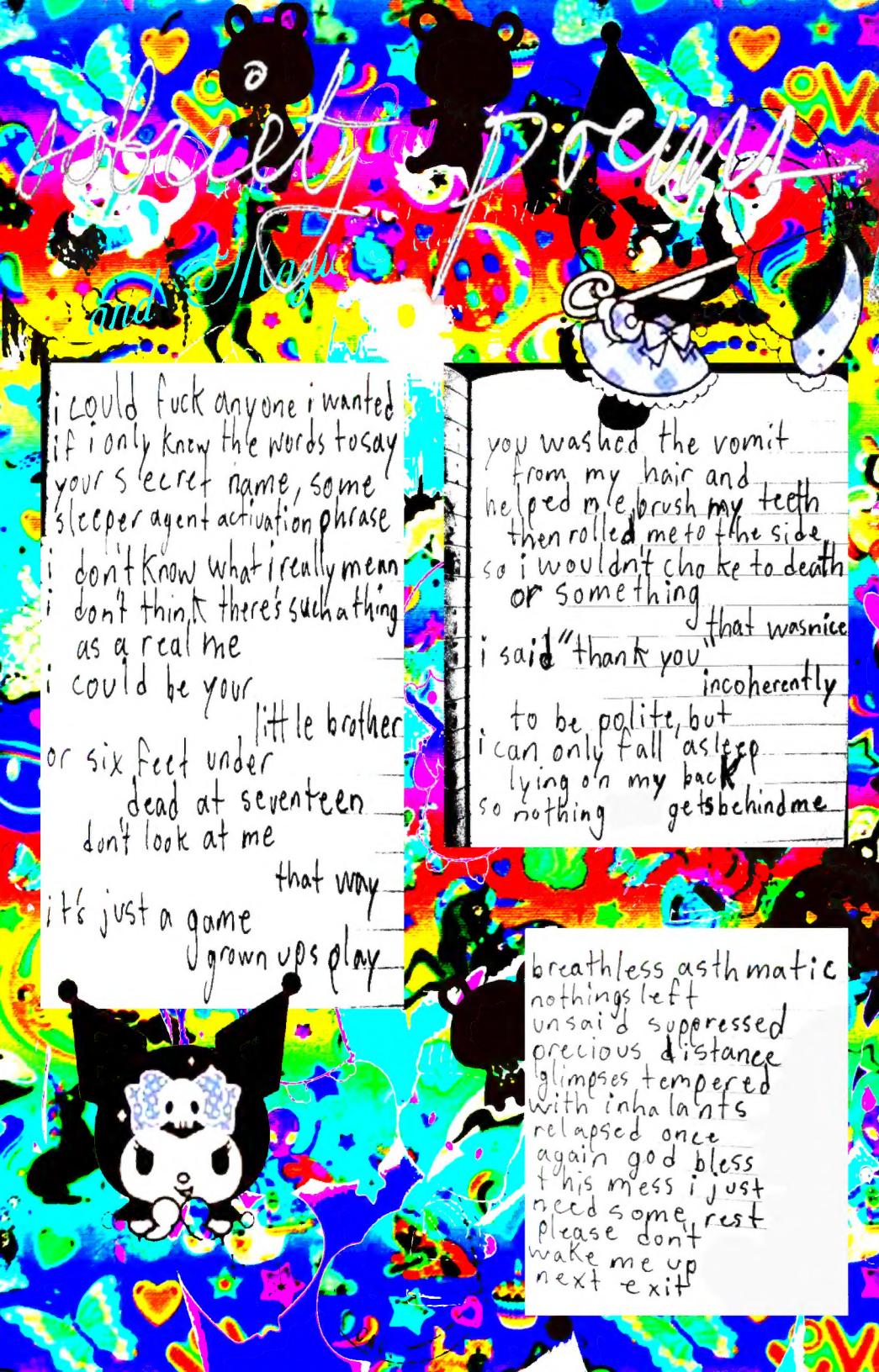
Hello
my name is

AND I AM
STONED AS
FUCK R N

222 mg
the each

so naive i really thought
she could change me
for the better maybe worse
something else at least
for fuck's sake we
could've been blood related
whatever happened to that
tattoo machine you bought still
sitting untouched in the corner
by the restraints
i wanted it between the tits
like a sigil or some affirmation
pretty words where it would hurt
blue black ink or pink
her design like a scar

i wish we could just
stay in bed all day
and not need to do things
or get up to pee
i was never good at endings



You can only trust yourself and
the first six Black Sabbath albums.

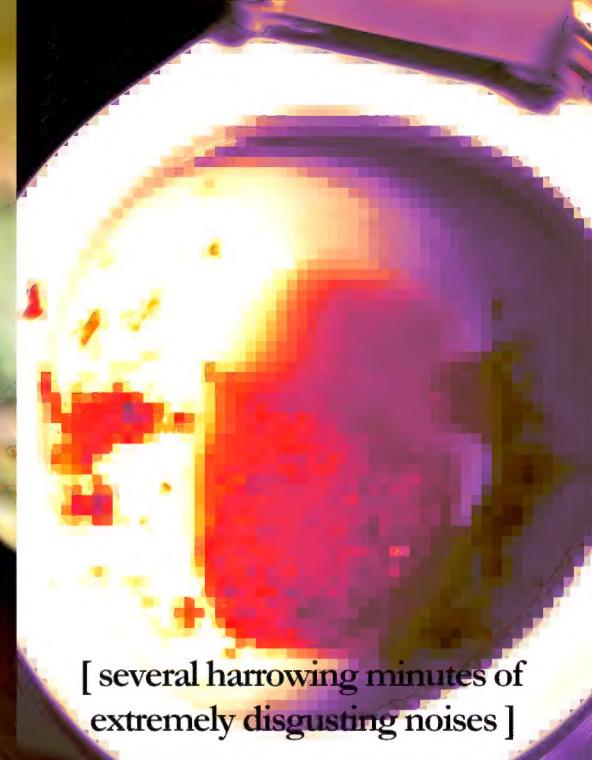
— Henry Rollins

Smoke weed every day.

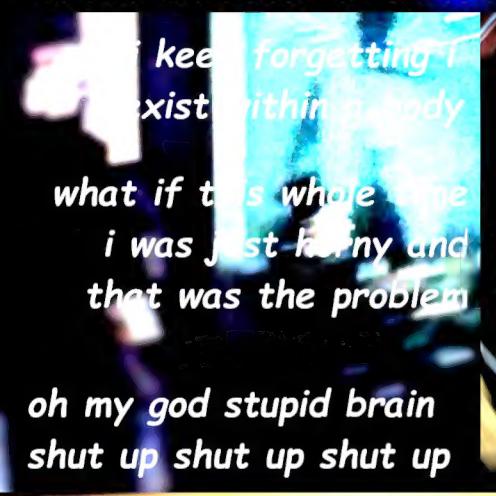
— Snoop Dogg



This is the story about a girl
who had a really fucking good idea
for an epic 420⁰ stoner comedy
about a girl who gets way too high
and has a bad time and she was
gonna put it out on 4/20/2024
(it's a palindrome) and her friend
[redacted] said that was such a funny
idea that she just had to do it
but she couldn't because she never
took writing it very seriously plus
she spent too much time getting
high to research writing it which
didn't actually help her write
at all so instead she is making
a zine about that time she
spent so much time getting high
and fucking around she couldn't
get her shit together enough to
finish her awesome 420⁰
stoner comedy epic



lol is this x-files
no wait this is just
these footwork rhythms reminds me are crazy of autechre
how much does is klonoa selling for
...wtf these days they should port lsd dream emulator to switch
i keep forgetting to exist within a body
what if this whole time i was just horny and that was the problem
oh my god stupid brain shut up shut up shut up



DOPESMOKER.

Sleepless in the dark I pulled the dress over my head, mixed myself a drink, then checked the time again. Perfect. A quick piss and shit and I'm just in time to smoke: the bong I cleaned last night, freshly packed set on my bed stand where I left it. A Clipper lighter with a little pink and blue fairy on a mushroom that glows neon beneath my blacklight. The clock strikes 4:20 AM and my iPod in its dock begins to play "Black Sabbath" by Black Sabbath from their 1970 debut album *Black Sabbath* as I torch the grass. We open on the sound of rain and tolling bells beneath the gurgling bong as smoke fills the chamber. I pull the bowl and breathe it deep into my lungs along to the first notes: a G, another G one octave higher, ending back down on a D. The Devil's Third, as it's known by music nerds; Tony Iommi learned of it from listening to a piece of classical music by Gustav Holst titled "Mars, the Bringer of War." Sickly smoke; I hold the hit as long as I can stand it. Ozzy howls out slowly: "What is this that stands before me?" This was the first song they wrote together, but I can't help but feel so alone in this tiny ass studio apartment. I'm trying hard not to think about the funeral today. Only Mary Jane.

Okay so like just imagine 419 more pages of that

i've been obsessed w
master of reality lately

its soo goood

u ever listen to Sleep
Dopesmoker ?

no whats that

its an hour long song
about smoking weed

that sounds fucking
awesome

as like a religious
experience or something

i think

Choose a Job.
Choose a Car.
Choose a Family.
Choose a Fucking Big
Vision. Choose
Machines, Cars.
Compact discs.
EL
Ch
ch
InSurance. Choose Fixed
mortgage repayment
a Starter Home.
Choose your fr.
Fabrics. Choose
TICKING

FUCK YES

classic

wow

wait
theyre kinda cute
uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
is that
grimes

no fucking way i must be
that person looks seeing
exactly like grimes
it cant be

yea i think its actually
that makes sense grimes
i want to believe

i wonder if grimes has read
mckenzie wark

fuck what song is this
do these people know
about the meth boat
that was wild

i dont think i
id rather could be
just go boat on drugs
dancing tbh that sounds like
a lot of work

drugs always just make
me think about stuff
what does it like
all mean like damn

who

holy shit

seeing
things
exactly like grimes

grimes

oh cool

wow
this must
be the
chill out
room

wait
no whoops
someones bedroom
better get out before
oh no

shit

im getting yelled
im so sorry

i didnt
mean to

oh cool

i think i think too
much sometimes

hmm

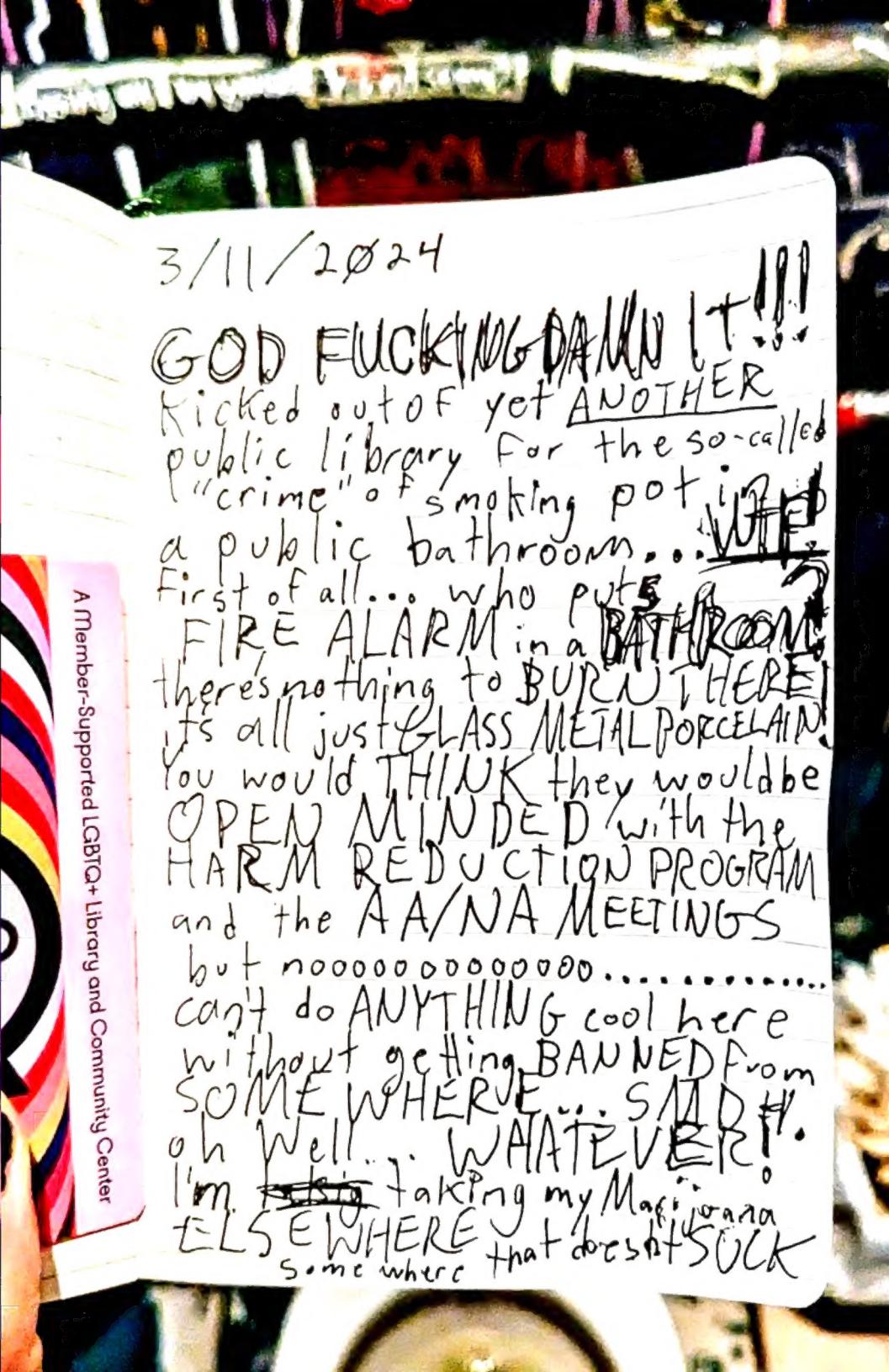
does grimes have

a goodreads page
probably not

its so hard to
read at the

club
its like when
you try to
read at
a bar

someone
always
asks are
you okay



oh, the Places



"witches house"



"carbonzo"



"guillermo del toro exhibition"



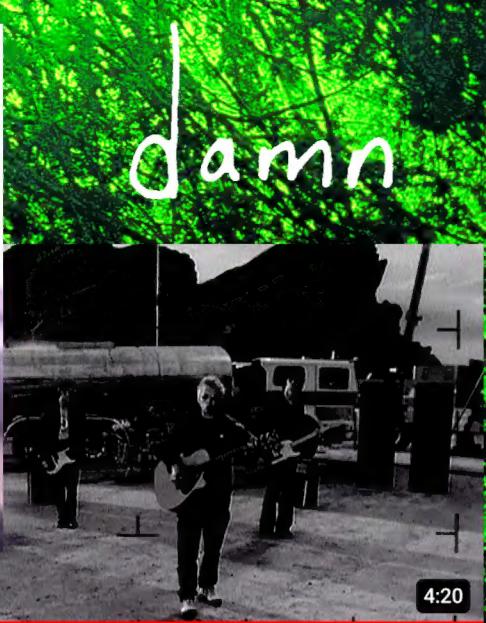
"crumbling military structure"

I can't pretend any more like its normal to smoke like this. I've had enough. The empty space between running out of weed and getting paid. The awful wait. Is it really worth all the headache? It's been diminishing returns for years now. Nothing feels good anymore. I'm so bored of TV and video games and our bage fast food. I'm tired of missing appointments and forgetting names and not getting laid. May be these mushrooms I forgot about will help sort me out. Or at least get me out of my head. I'm going to a rave tonight. One last dance before the party's over. No more killing time.





this
sucks



← r/saplings · 6 yr ago · ResinQ62

Is smoking resin worth it?

ANSWERED

I'm scraping out resin from my bong stem and cone purely for cleaning purposes, but my buddy who's a much experienced smoker than I told me to smoke the resin. I've done a google search and there seems to be mixed thoughts on it. Is it really worth it if I have enough bud? Should I save it in case I end up without anything else? Or is it just so harsh I should just chuck it? I don't want to inhale something toxic just to get high. Thanks in advance

EDIT: Thank you all so much for all the great advice. This sub is awesome.

41 99 Share

+ Add a Comment

Sorby Best

Death_has_relaxed_me · 6 yr ago

Resin is your last ditch. Your emergency survival kit. Your 'hardtack' of getting stoned. Not something you smoke by choice, but something you smoke out of necessity.

It tastes terrible, usually hurts the lungs, but damn does it get you straight up toasted...

38 38 Share

[deleted] · 6 yr ago

26 more replies

badpju420420 · 6 yr ago

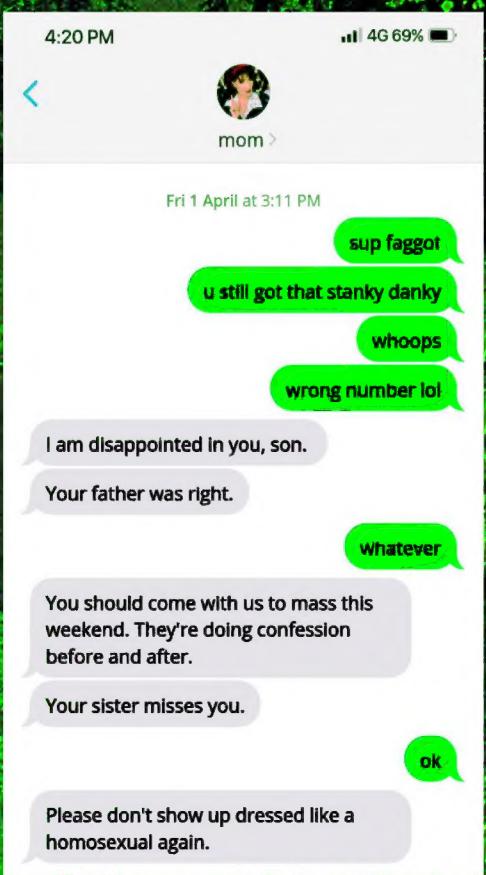
Why does everyone hate on resin? I really enjoy cleaning giant wads out of my pipe and rolling out a big ball. I'll smear it on my cigarettes even. Sometimes even get out an old titanium nail and dab it. #resinaintthatbad

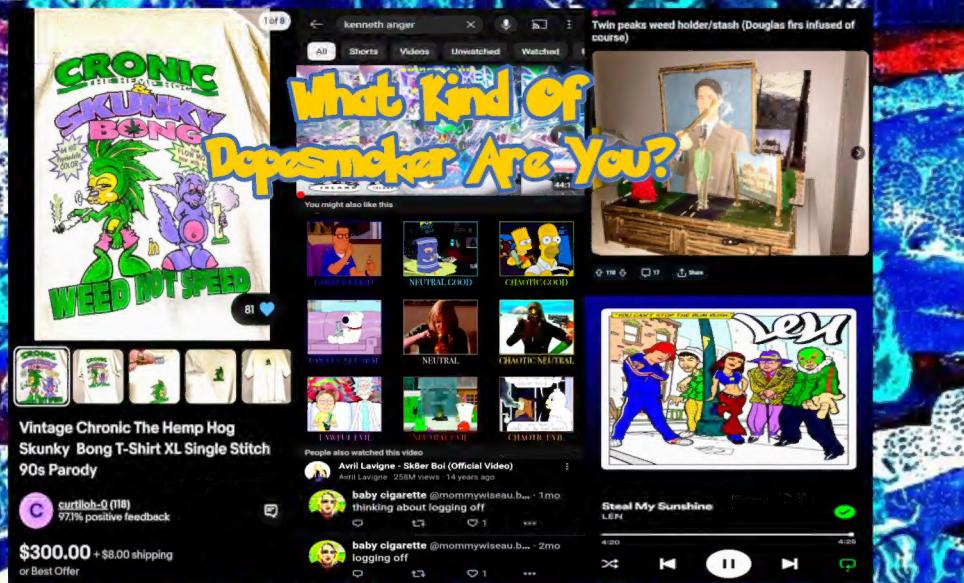
11 11 Share

Death_has_relaxed_me · 6 yr ago

Sounds disgustingly efficient

8 8 Share





buying a new bong is a little bit like buying a new dog or girlfriend: at some point, that thing is gonna go, as the great writer ernest hemingway said one time: "all stories, if told far enough, end in death". like women or pets, we gather here today not to remember what has left us, but to rejoice in what we had, we praise a god who would gift us such knowledge to construct an object in this shape, solely for the purposes of doing things better, because while i prefer joints personally because of their cleanliness and portability, very few can deny that bongs can get you really fucking high, when a bong breaks, a world shatters, those hands it passed around, languid hours shared with friends, gossiping about our problematic exes, trying to remember your criterion channel password, that cute girl you used to make out with, she moved uptown because her new job and because she broke up with her fiance, it wasn't your fault, but you did spend a lot of time there, those afternoons were special, she would change out the bong water for you, how cool was that, all those precious moments, gone, although the smell still lingers afterwards for weeks, one day you're cleaning and get a splinter in your foot, funny something so fragile could cut us so deeply, harden not your hearts, my sweetest friends, these mournful days too shall pass, praise our god in heaven giving us this grace, pray she take up our fallen idol in your loving embrace, o holy god, yes, we thank you for relinquishing us of this glassware, may she find peace in brokenness, forever in your perfect glory, in our hearts, i kiss the ground you shatter on.



On Why Bongs Suck

R.I.P. AKIRA
TORIYAMA
1955 - 2024



(BUTT.)

1. hard to clean
stinky EASILY

4. When you
forget to
use a plug nug
and suck the
last hit down
the bowl

(PLUG UUG): tiny
piece of weed used to
keep tinier pieces of
weed from falling in a bong...

(toilet.)

2. BAGGED
CAN'T DROP VERY MUCH

Bong Water
EVERWHERE
Mother Upset!

3. BAD P.U.
SMELL

5. NO
good way to
bring to the park
on a date with
a pretty girl.

notes on stoner comedy

a guest column by Natalie Tautou

Webster's Dictionary defines comedy as "a drama of light and amusing character and typically with a happy ending." Which I find funny, perhaps even ironic, because most stoner comedies are neither light nor amusing. Marijuana is unique among drugs in that it is viewed by all but the most ardent moral arbiters as mostly harmless, unless you consider inaction harmful. Alcohol, for instance, isn't funny, because drunk people tend to hurt or kill other people, sometimes even themselves. But stoned people seem to struggle to do anything at all. The friction of stoner comedy lies in a lack thereof. Perhaps this is why there are so few good stoner comedies. I can count the number of actual stoner comedies (movies about smoking weed, instead of merely featuring the substance) I've enjoyed on one hand: *Dazed and Confused* (1993), *Friday* (1995), *Half Baked* (1998), *Harold & Kumar Go to White Castle* (2004), and *Smiley Face* (2007).

Notably, I can't imagine watching any of these films sober. Not because they're boring, but rather because they're so god damned stressful. Typically marijuana is associated with "vibing out" or "chilling" or being "mellow", but all five of these films, even at their gentlest, pit stoners against the harsh reality of *not doing nothing*.

We might ask ourselves: *What is the joke here? Living is hard?* Damn right it is. Consider life at its most mundane. There's bills and rent to pay, groceries to be bought and eaten, forms to be filed, events, rituals, parties, etc. Ofttimes I turn to the joint to unwind after the long day closes, only to be startled from this momentary peace by some errant phone call or friend in crisis. There is always something needing doing, and though I may lie and tell myself it is easier to do these things stoned, rarely is this ever true. Everything becomes more difficult, takes longer, and it's easier to fuck something up. This rings true of stoner comedy as well; what interests me here, in transposing the experience to film, we find an idealized form of the drug itself, distilled to its worst potential essence. Cinema, like drugs, is merely distraction. We sit in a cold, dark place for a couple hours, try and relax, push reality from our minds. In stoner comedy, the characters attempt to do the same, but because this is film we're talking about, conflict must arise. At its core, stoner comedy attempts to reckon with the inherent friction of life, but even at its best will always fall short, because even those who fetishize weed and love it with all of their heart understand it is a hindrance, something in the way of itself. So what can we learn from this?

Again, I find myself wondering: *What is the joke? Why are we laughing?* Are we uncomfortable seeing our failures and impotence reflected on a screen? Much like LSD, DMT, ketamine, mushrooms, etc. THC is a drug of *introspection*. Is the joke on ourselves, then? I've often wondered why stoners consider the act of smoking weed itself as something funny. A cheap gag, some dumb photoshop could elicit riotous laughter from the right stoner. Quite frankly, the bar for stoner comedy isn't very high (pun not intended). I mean... have you ever seen *Grandma's Boy* (2006)? Fucking abhorrent. And yet the first guy I ever dated along with his roommates considered it to be the greatest film ever made. He showed it to me on our third date, which coincidentally was our last. It was the first time I'd ever smoked wax. Didn't improve the film one bit. Oh, well. We broke up for a reason. Awful taste in movies. He still hasn't seen *Celine and Julie Go Boating* (1974). What were we talking about again?

